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THE CEMETERIANS

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GROOVY GRAVEYARD

CHAPTER TWO

PART 2

COME'ON YA' BIG, BURLY FUR-BALL. OR WE'RE GOING TO MISS ALL THE FUN!

GRAVEYARDS ARE **SPOOKY**, **CREEPY**, **ICKY** PLACES. **E**SPECIALLY AT NIGHT. AND ESPECIALLY TRAPPED BETWEEN A LAYER OF HEAVY FOG AND THE LIGHT OF A SWOLLEN, BOIL-LIKE MOON. THE ONLY THING THAT COULD **POSSIBLY** MAKE THE EXPERIENCE OF BEING IN A FOGGY, CREEPY, MOONLIT GRAVEYARD ANY WORSE WOULD, OF COURSE, BE THE ADDITION OF **CREEPY**, OMINOUS MUSIC. SADLY, AND MUCH TO THE DISMAY OF **THADIUS** (AND THE SHEER DELIGHT OF **CAITLIN!**) THAT'S EXACTLY WHERE THEY FIND THEMSELVES RIGHT NOW. IN THE MIDDLE OF A **SPOOKY GRAVEYARD**, IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, WITH **EERIE**, **CREEPY**, **SECRET** MUSIC SWELLING AND WEAVING THROUGH THE AIR AROUND THEM.

POOR **THADIUS** . . .

WHAT WAS **THAT?**

ROWR
RIAR
RIAHR
R OUG
ROWR

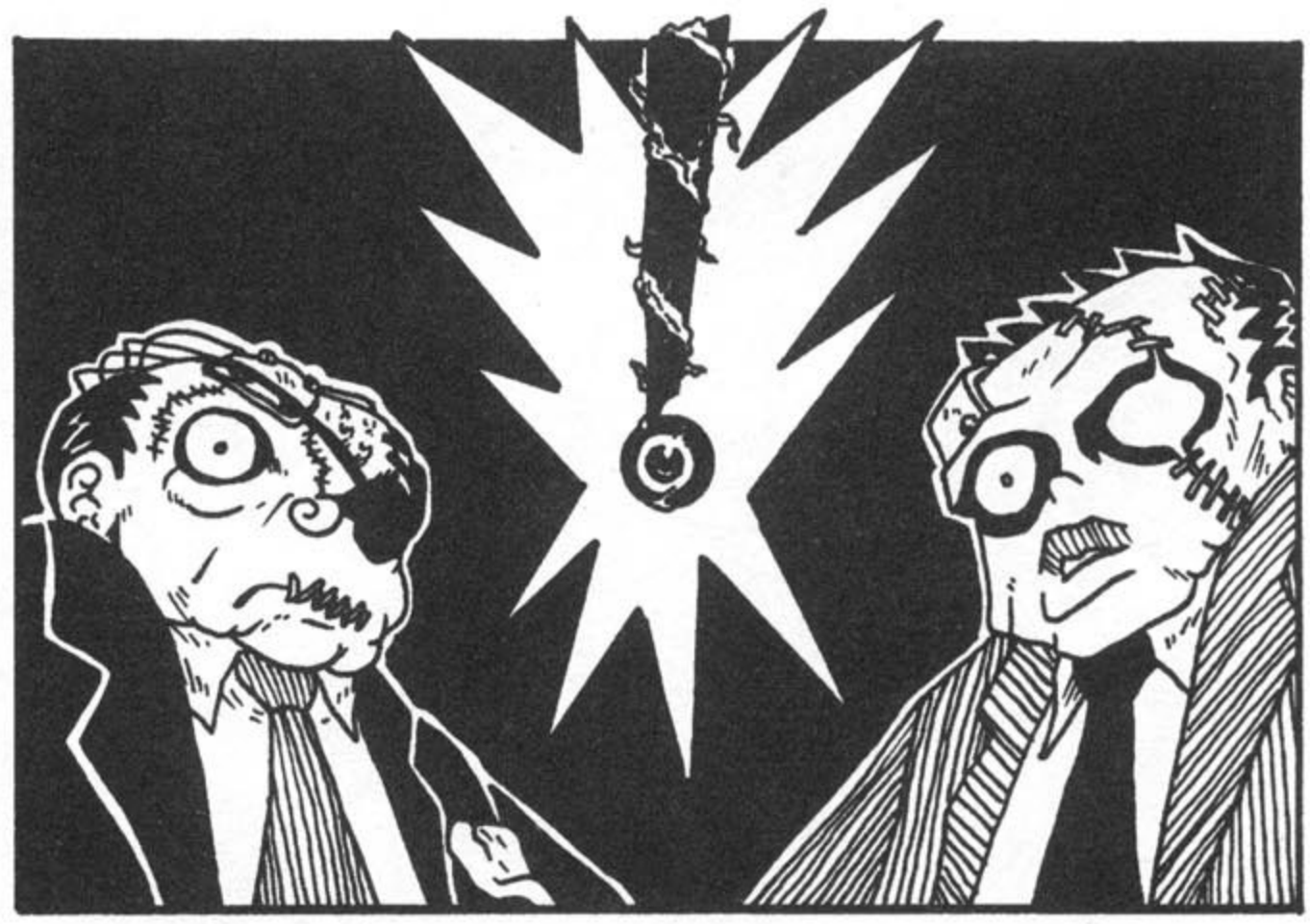
YOU THINK WE SHOULD **BUM RUSH** 'EM,?! RIGHT-O!

02

GOOD! THERE MIGHT BE HOPE FOR YOU YET, MONSTER BOY! LET'S GO!

!

04



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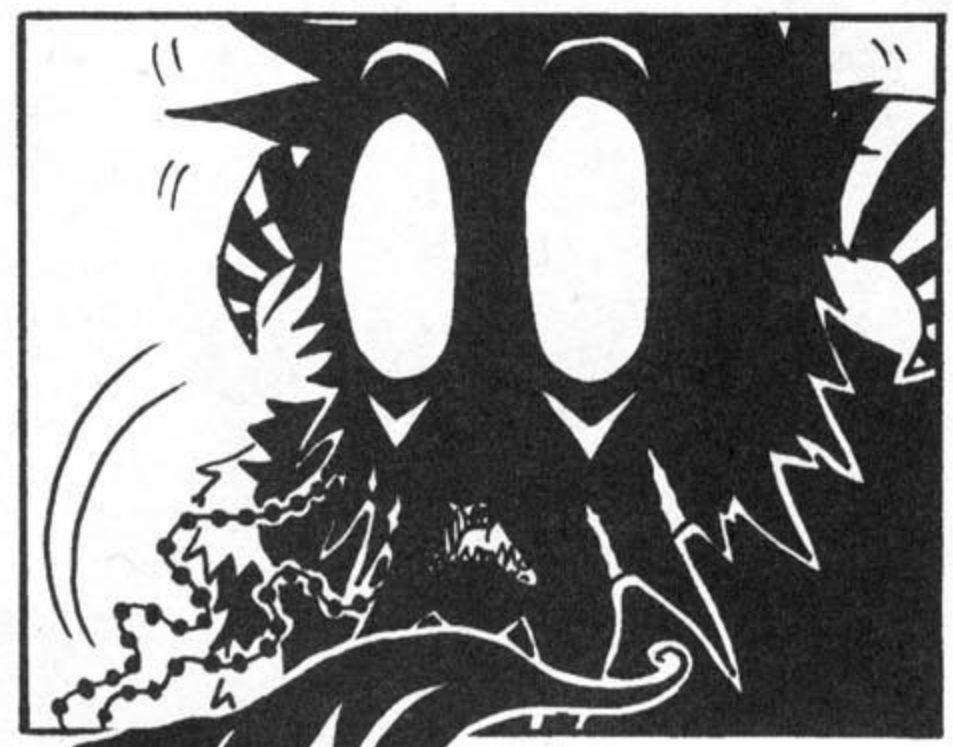
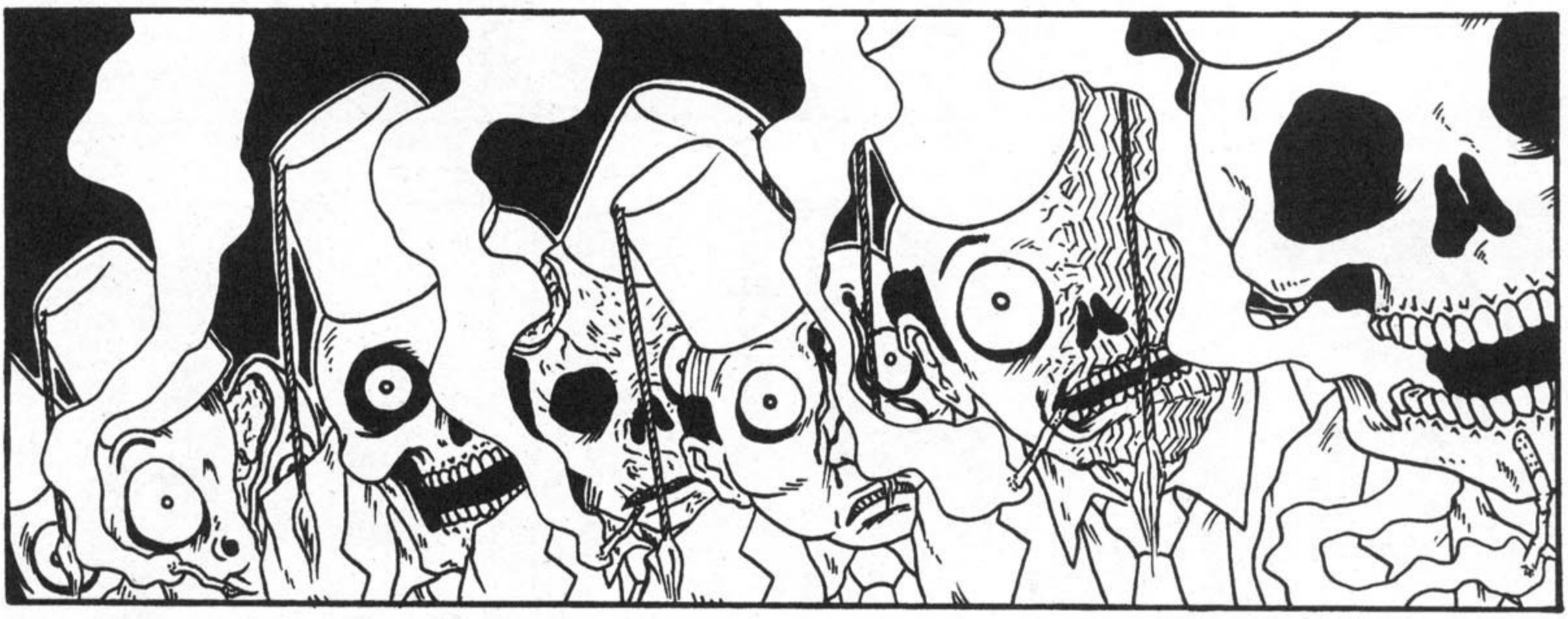
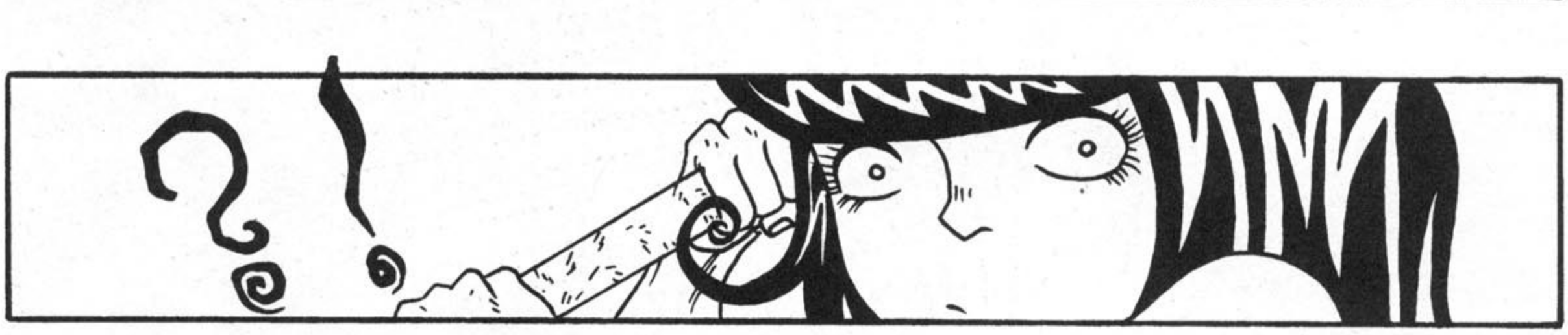
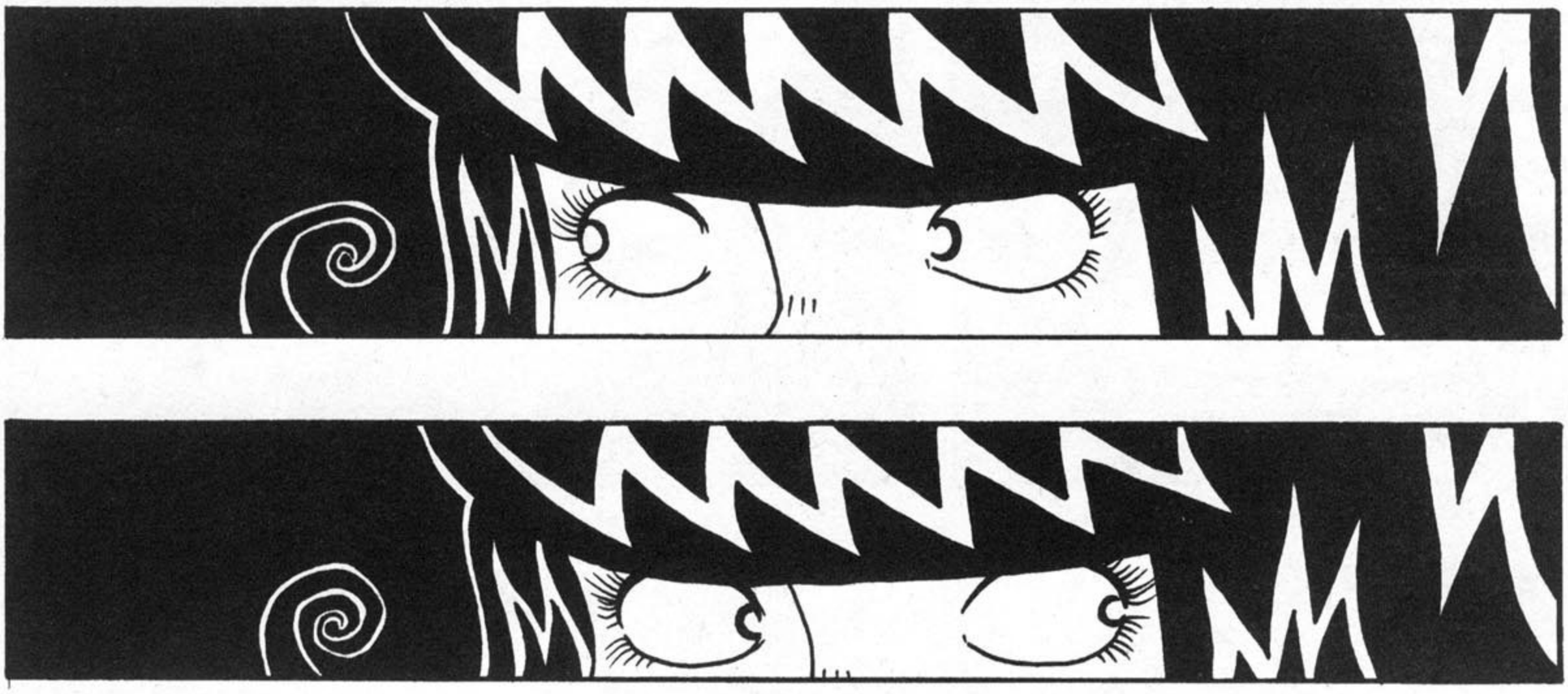
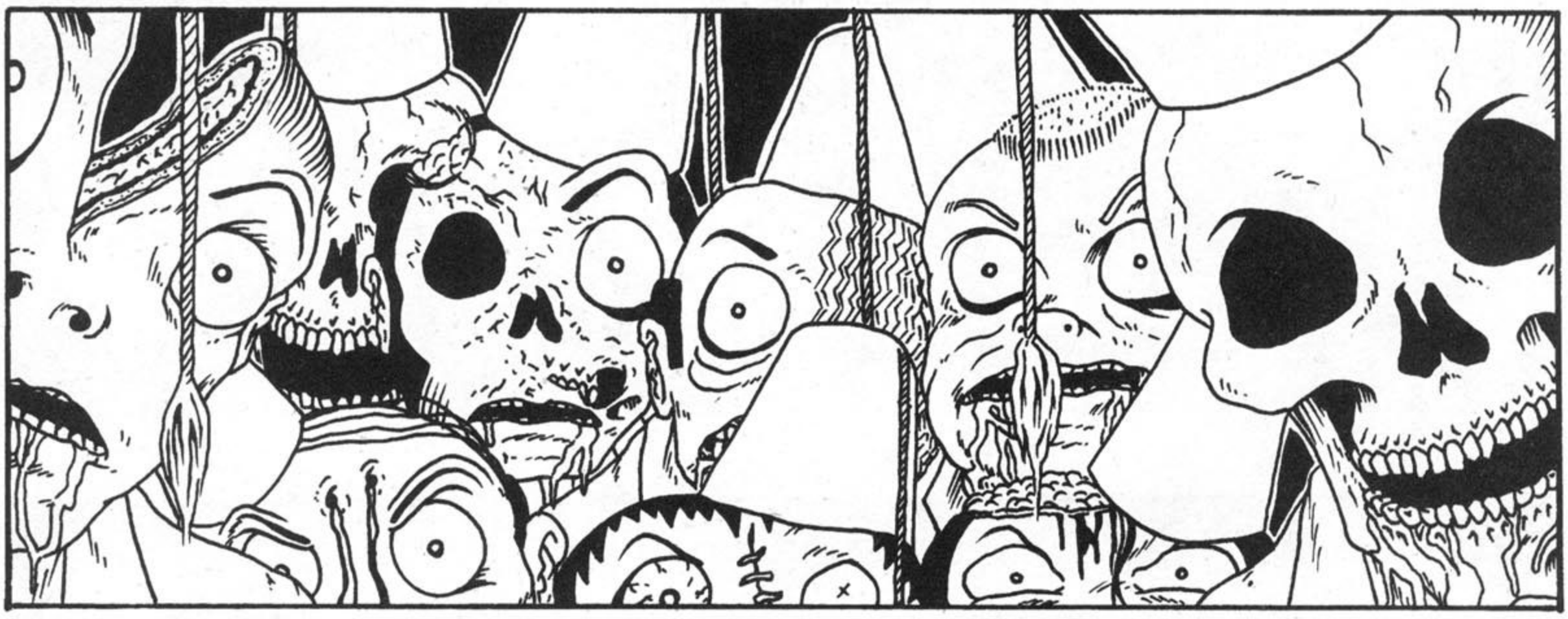
KWUHMP

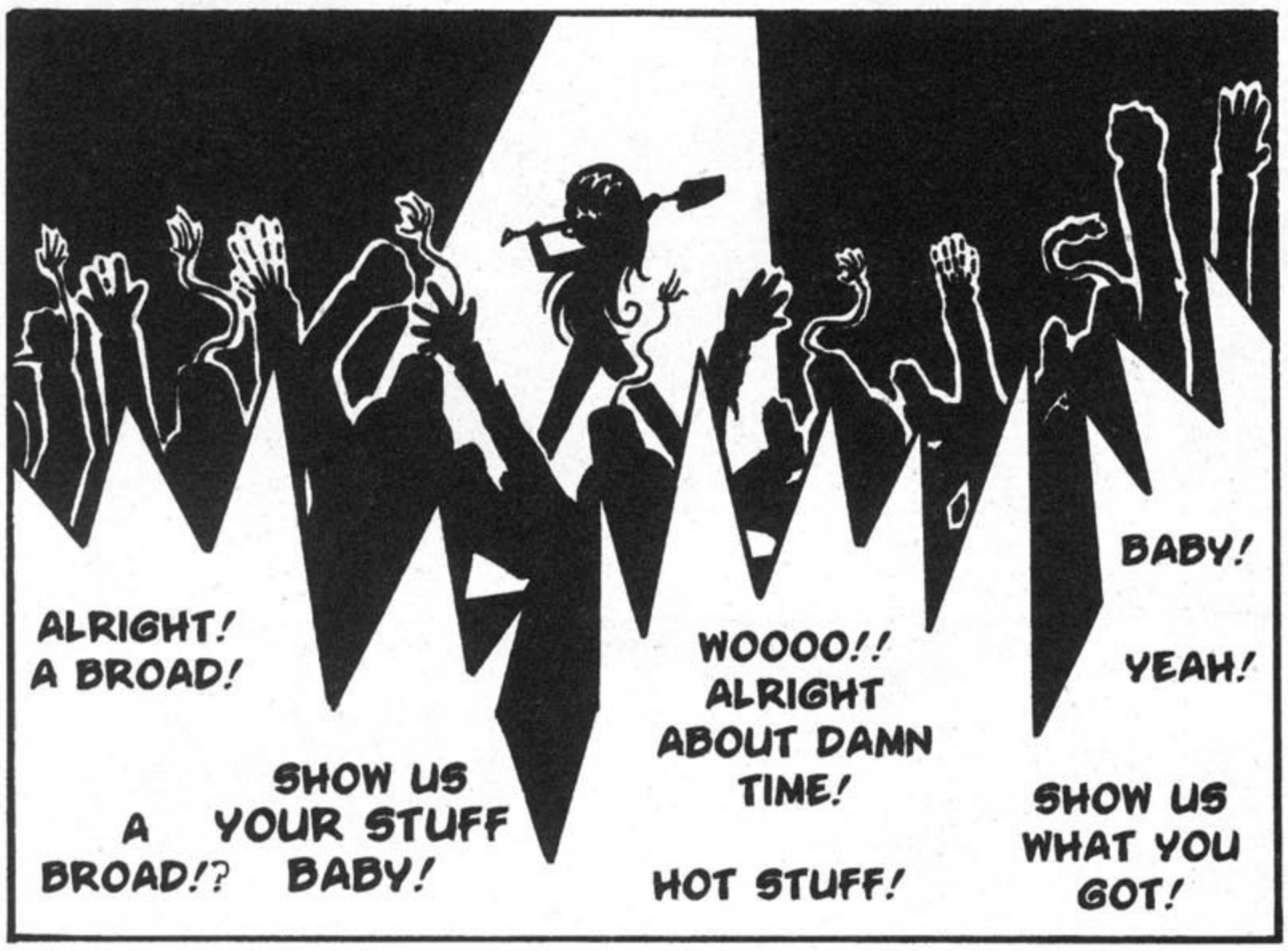








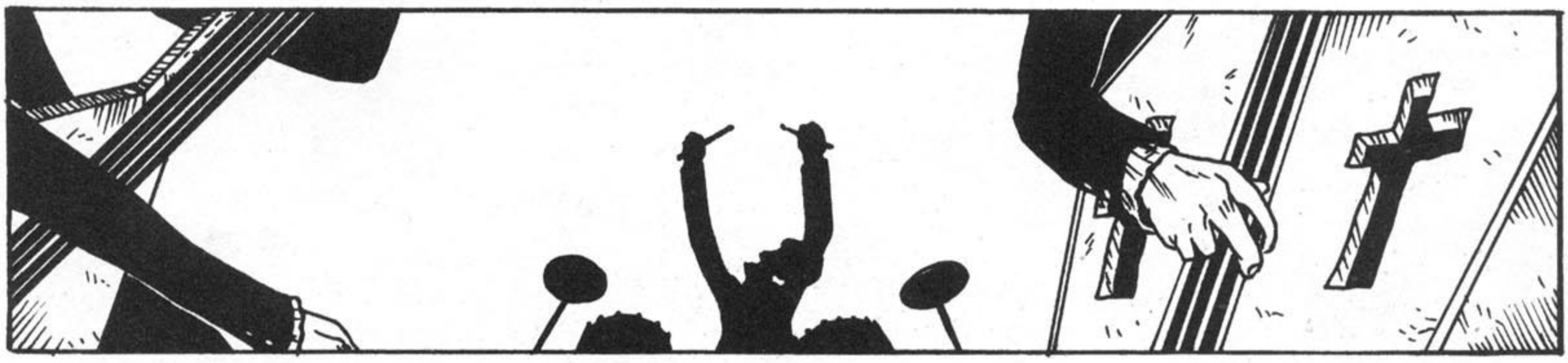



BABY!
ALRIGHT! A BROAD!
WOOOO!! ALRIGHT ABOUT DAMN TIME!
YEAH!
SHOW US A BROAD!? YOUR STUFF BABY!
HOT STUFF!
SHOW US WHAT YOU GOT!

08

NORMALLY, WHEN ONE RECEIVES A DETAILED BRIEFING FOR A MISSION, CHORE, JOB OR ASSIGNMENT, ONE TAKES CARE TO READ IT **CAREFULLY**, BEFORE VENTURING INTO SAID TASK.
SADLY, THIS WAS NOT THE CASE FOR **THADIUS** AND **CAITLIN**.
ARGUING FOR THE MAJORITY OF THE TREK OUT TO THE GRAVEYARD IN THE FIRST PLACE, **NEITHER** ONE HAD TAKEN MUCH MORE THAN A PASSING GLANCE AT THE LITTLE UNASSUMING ENVELOPE ENTRUSTED TO THEM BY **JACK** AND **MARLA** BACK HOME.
THEY DID MAKE SURE TO READ THE ADDRESS ON THE FRONT, BUT ANYTHING MORE THAN THAT WOULD HAVE REQUIRED THEM TO **STOP** BICKERING, AND AS I'M SURE YOU CAN GUESS . . . WELL, **THAT** JUST WASN'T ABOUT TO HAPPEN TONIGHT.
IN HINDSIGHT, **MAYBE** IT WOULDN'T HAVE MADE ANY REAL DIFFERENCE ANYWAY . . .

NOW **CAITLIN** MOST LIKELY **DIDN'T** HAVE THE SLIGHTEST IDEA AS TO WHAT A **STAG CLUB** WAS, AND PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE CARED, BUT **THADIUS** DID KNOW, AND TO **HIM**, THIS WAS NOT A GOOD MIX.
HE **KNEW** WHAT THESE DRUNKEN CORPSES WERE INTO: THE BOOZE, THE CIGARETTES, THE FLICKERING CELLULOID GYRATIONS OF OLD **BETTIE PAGE** FILMS... **HE** HAD SEEN **BETTIE PAGE** FILMS! ALL FOR RESEARCH OF COURSE!
CAITLIN ON STAGE IN FRONT OF A **FRANTIC, SLOBBERING, JEERING**, GROUP OF OLD DEAD GUYS WAS SIMPLY **NOT** A GOOD THING.
LITTLE DID HE KNOW HOW **TRULY** TERRIBLE THE SITUATION **REALLY** WAS . . .



EASY FRIEND, **EASY!**

I'M SORRY I SNUCK UP ON YA'S LIKES THAT BUT--

WE'S GOTS OURSLEVES A BIT O' A **SICH--EE--EH SHUN, IF** YA KNOWS WHAT I MEANS.

YEAH FRIEND, **WE'S** GOTS TO STOP **THIS** RIGHT QUICK. **OR** THERE'S IS GOING TO BE SOME **SERIOUS** TROUBLES.

NO BROADS. **NEVERS.**

YA' SEES THERE'S **NO DAMES** ALLOWED IN HERE'S. **DEAD** OR **LIVIN'** LIKES.

THIS HERE **ESTABLISHMENT** IS A WAYS TA' KEEP THEM **DEGENERATES** FROM GETTIN' ER-- **WOUND UP.**

DAMES'S HOW THEY'S GETS THEMSELVES ALL **WOUND UP!**

'S RIGHT, THESE HERE BOYS'S HERE'S FOR THE **PROTECTION** OF THE **REST** OF THE **CEMETERY.**

THEY'S A **BIT** TOO ROWDY LIKES FOR THE **REST** OF THE FOLKS **ENJOYIN'** THEY'S **ETERNAL SLUMBERS.**

IF THEYS GETS **TOO** EXCITED, THEY'LL TEARS THIS PLACE **TA' BITS!**

WHAT'S THIS? **JACK?** NOW SEE'S, **THIS** HERE'S NOTE SHOULD'VE COME **STRAIGHT** TA' US.

DONE AND DONES NOW **MACK.**

BUT INSTEAD OF HANDIN' US THIS HERE'S NOTE AND LEAVIN' ALL PEACEFULS LIKE, **YOUR** FRIEND COMES DOWN AND GIVES US A RIGHT, DREADFUL WALLOP-N-BEATIN'. **THAT'S** REALLY UNPRO-FESSIONAL, FRIEND.

UNCALLED FORS REALLY, **FRIEND.**

OH NO! THAT **STUPID BROAD'S** IN THE **VOODOO SPOTLIGHT!**

ROWR ?!

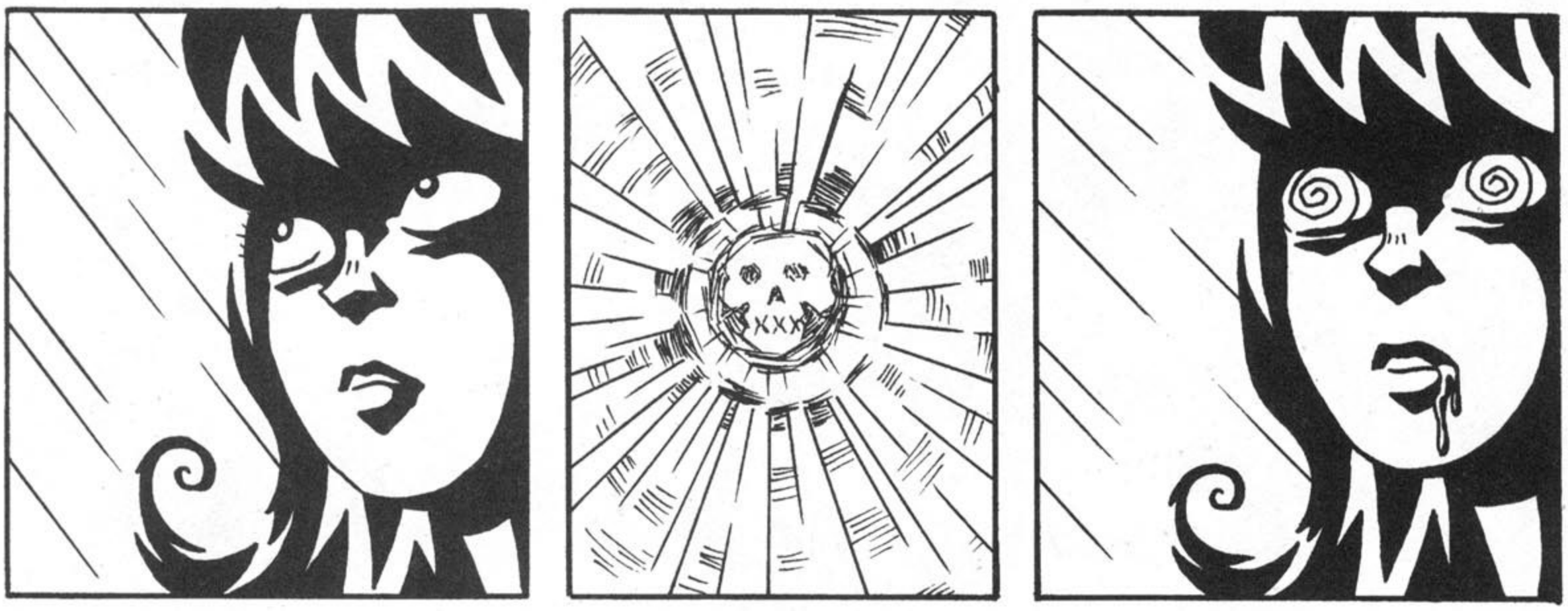
THAT THERE'S IS THE **VOODOO SPOT LIGHT**--

MADE'S BY SOME OLD WITCH DOCTOR TA' KEEP THESE MUGS **IN LINE!**

AS LONG AS **SOMETHIN'S** MOVIN' IN THAT LIGHT, IT ENTRANCES THEMS. MAKES 'EM ALL **DOCILE**. **BUT**, IT WORKS TWO WAYS, SEES, **WHATEVER** THE CROWD **TELLS** THE POOR **SLOB** STUCK IN THE LIGHT TA' DO'S-- **THEY DO'S.**

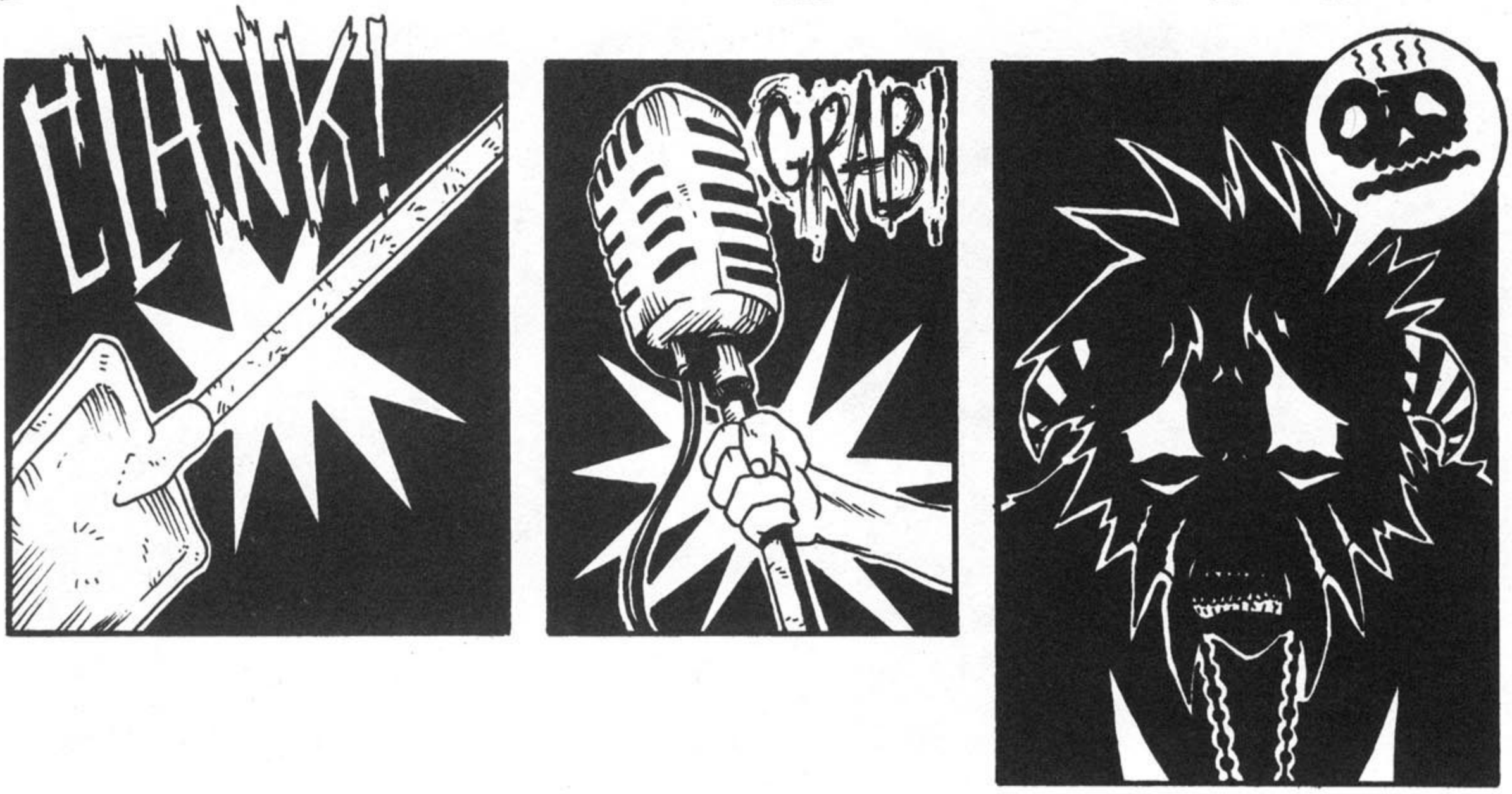
SHOW US WHAT YOU GOT! SHOW US WHAT YOU GOT!

SHOW US WHAT YOU GOT! SHOW US WHAT YOU GOT!



LUCKILY FOR **CAITLIN**, SHE DIDN'T EXACTLY UNDERSTAND WHAT IT WAS THE CROWD MEANT BY THEIR **CHANTING** AND **CHEERING**.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE CROWD, **CAITLIN** WAS ALREADY UNDER THE **DARK-MYSTERIOUS-POWER** OF THE **VOODOO SPOTLIGHT**, AND THEY HAD **NO** WAY OF KNOWING THAT SHE WOULD DO **EXACTLY** AS THEY HAD ASKED.
MISINTERPRETTING THE **CAT CALLS**, **WOLF WHISTLES**, **CHANTS**, **GRUNTS** AND **CHEERS**, **CAITLIN** WAS ABOUT TO GIVE THEM **NOTHING** LIKE WHAT THEY WANTED.
JUST LIKE THEY ASKED . . .
POOR, DEAD, FEZ-WEARIN' SOULS . . .

THEY **ONLY** WANTED TO SEE A BIT OF SKIN . . .



A FEW THINGS YOU SHOULD **NEVER**, EVER ASK **CAITLIN** TO DO SHOULD YOU EVER MEET HER, THINGS THAT ARE SURE TO CAUSE YOU GREAT **PHYSICAL HARM** AND **MENTAL TRAUMA**:

NEVER ASK HER TO DO YOUR LAUNDRY, SHE'LL SURELY RUIN IT AND THEN SAVAGELY BEAT YOU.
NEVER ASK HER TO COOK FOR YOU, SHE'LL LIKELY BEAT YOU, COOK YOU AND THEN EAT YOU.
NEVER CALL HER **CATIE**, **CAT**, **CATHY** OR ANY OTHER DERIVATIVE OF HER NAME, SHE'LL LIKELY **BEAT** YOU AND THEN **COOK** YOU AND CERTAINLY **EAT** YOU.
BUT THE ONE THING YOU SHOULD **NEVER**, **EVER** DO, NO MATTER **HOW** MUCH SHE PLEADS AND BEGS, NO MATTER HOW MUCH SHE SCREAMS AND BREAKS THINGS IN A TANTRUM, YOU SHOULD **NEVER** ENCOURAGE, LET A LONE, **ASK** HER TO SING!
AND FOR GODS' SAKES, **NEVER** LET HER ANYWHERE NEAR A FUNCTIONING SET OF PROFESSIONAL GRADE SOUND EQUIPMENT!
THE CONSEQUENCES ARE FAR TOO **GHASTLY** TO DESCRIBE . . .

SPFKRK!

SPFKRK!

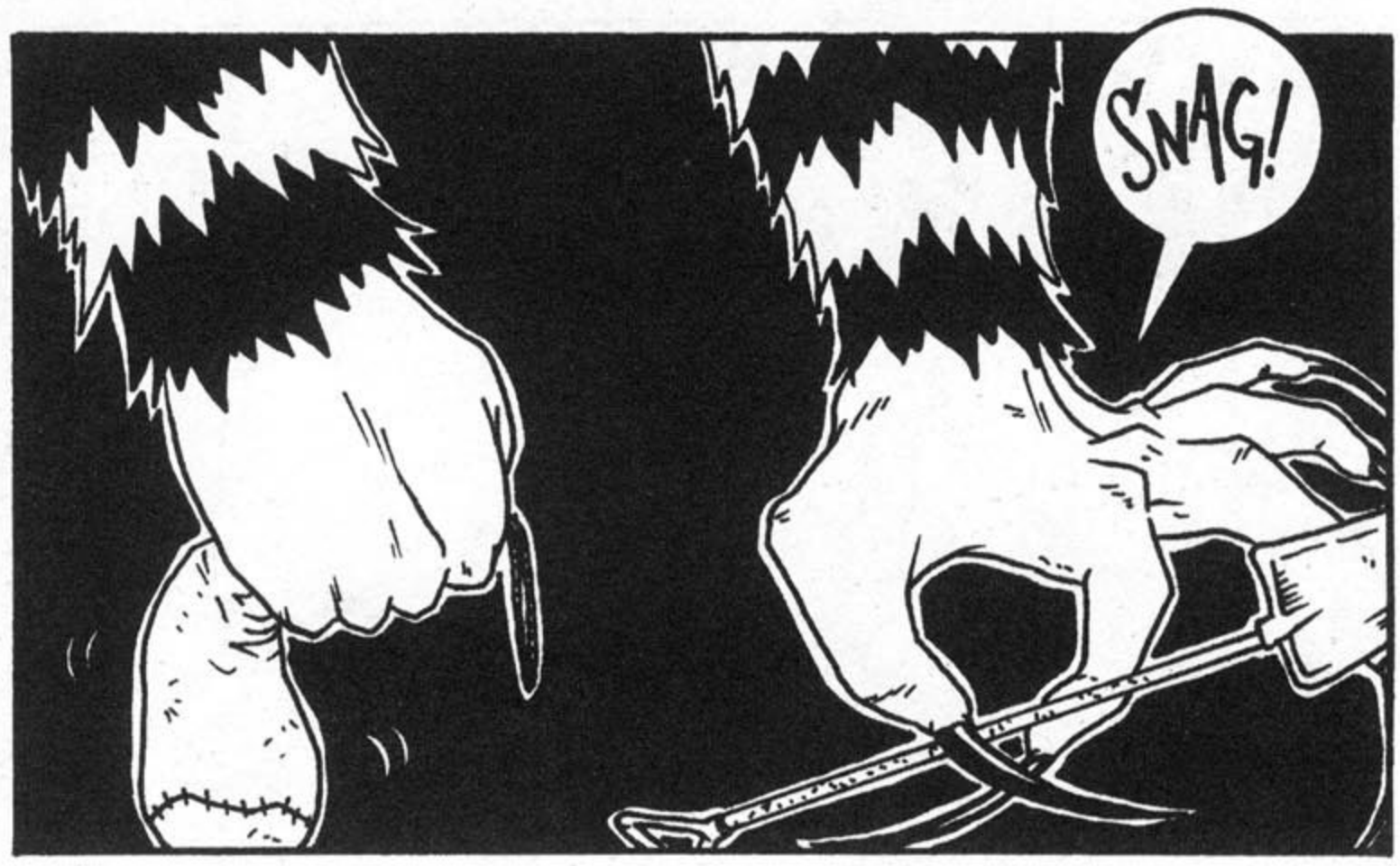
SPFKRK!!!

RAH
ROH
ROWR
RAWOR?

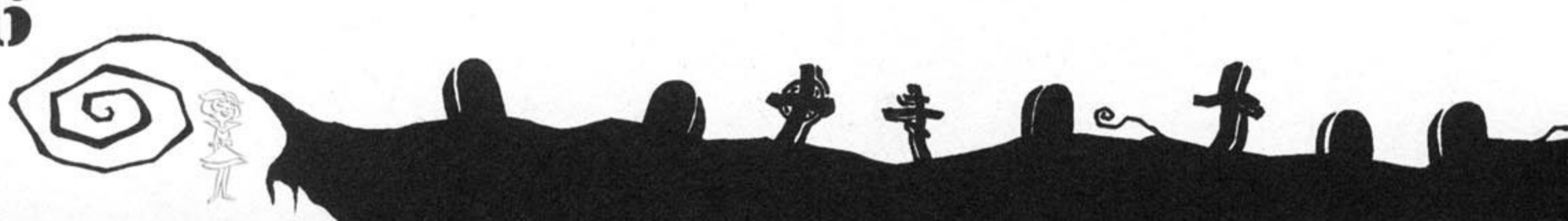
YEAH
I
GUESS
...

SHOULD
STILL BE
ON AND
SUCH.

ROTWR! ROWR
RAWORAH !!!


SNAG!

SCOOT
SCOOT
SCOOT



MUCH, MUCH LATER: BACK AT **VON WUMPSCUT MOTORS** . . .

YOU TOLD ME I WAS NAKED!!! YOU EMBARRASSED ME IN FRONT OF ALL OF THOSE CREEPY DEAD GUYS!!!

THE **ONLY** THING I COULD THINK OF, **BIG GUY**. I TOLD HER SHE WAS NAKED-- AND THAT **JACK** WAS THERE.

SO, WHAT **EXACTLY** DID YOU TELL HER WHEN SHE WAS **HYPNOTIZED**, MAN? SHE **NEVER** LEAVES A STAGE.

EEP! **CAITLIN!** HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN STANDING THERE!?

LONG ENOUGH TO BE THIS PISSED!

STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!

CLICK

EVEN THOUGH '**LITTLE GLOOMY**' WAS ON, **FRANKLIN** WISELY DECIDED THAT THIS WAS **NOT** THE TIME TO TRY AND WATCH IT WITH **CAITLIN**.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DESTRUCTEDO!

CHAPTER THREE

PART 1

IN THE EARLY MORNING, **TOO** EARLY FOR THOSE **RASCALLY** PAPER BOYS AND ROOSTER CALLS FROM THAT **OBNOXIOUS** COCK FIGHTING RING DOWN THE STREET, THE LIGHT OF THE RISING SUN LICKS AT THE FANCY METAL SIDINGS TO THE TENEMENTS, HOVELS AND SHACKS THAT SERVE AS THE VERY NEIGHBORHOOD FOR THOSE **LOVEABLE, MISFIT, MONSTER HUNTERS**, THE **CEMETERIANS**.

RATTLE RATTLE

RUMBLE

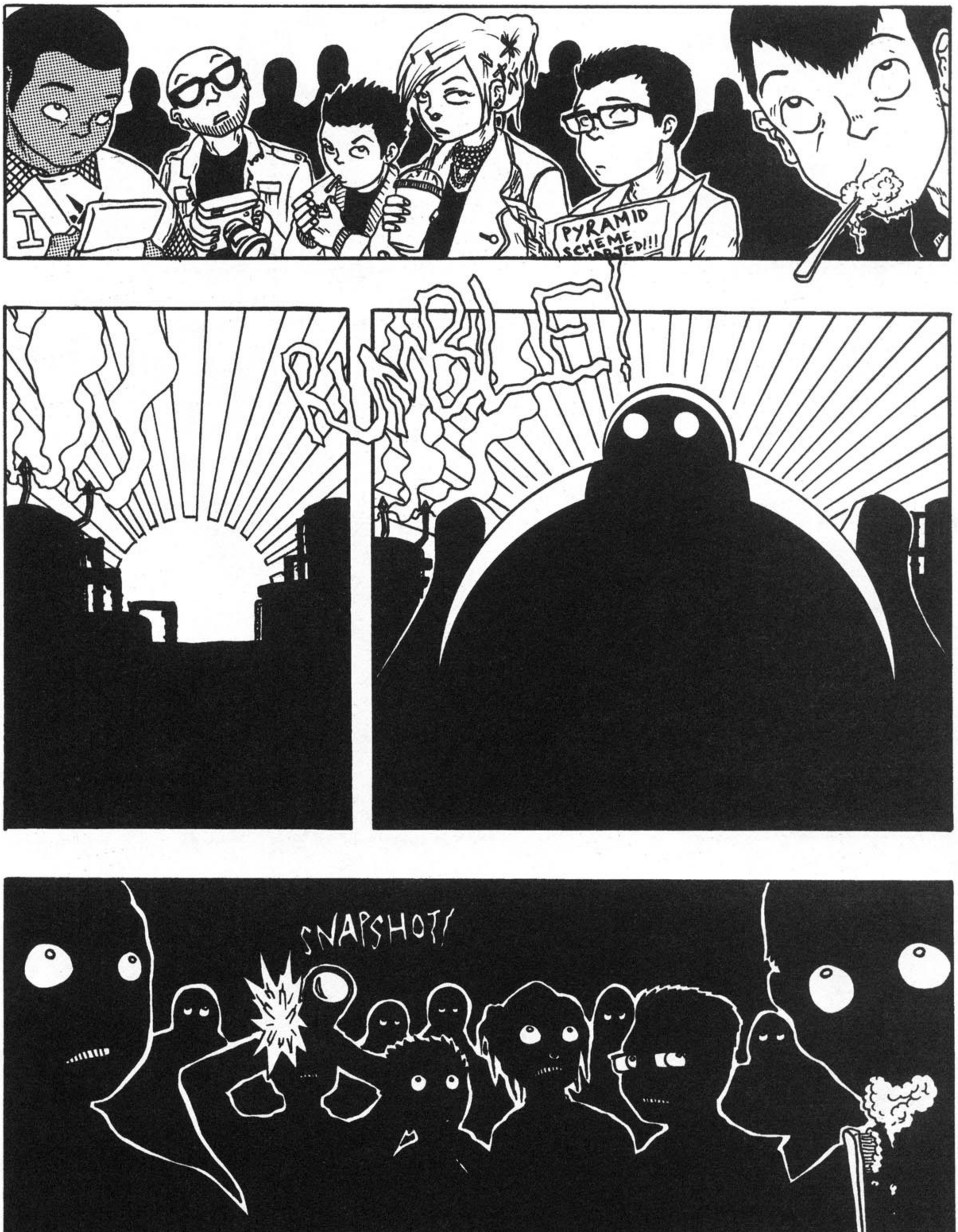
?!

?!

SCOOT SCOOT SCOOT

?

RUMBLE


PYRAMID
SCHEME
SNAPSHOT!

RUMBLE!

?

RUMBLE!!

!

RUMBLE!!!

CLUNK!

YIPE!

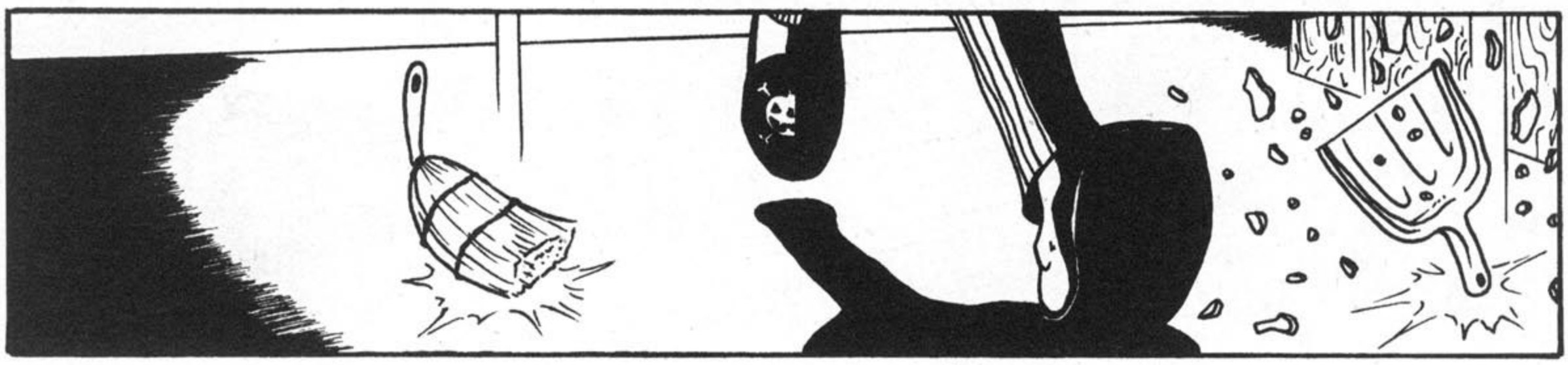
CRASH! BANG!

?

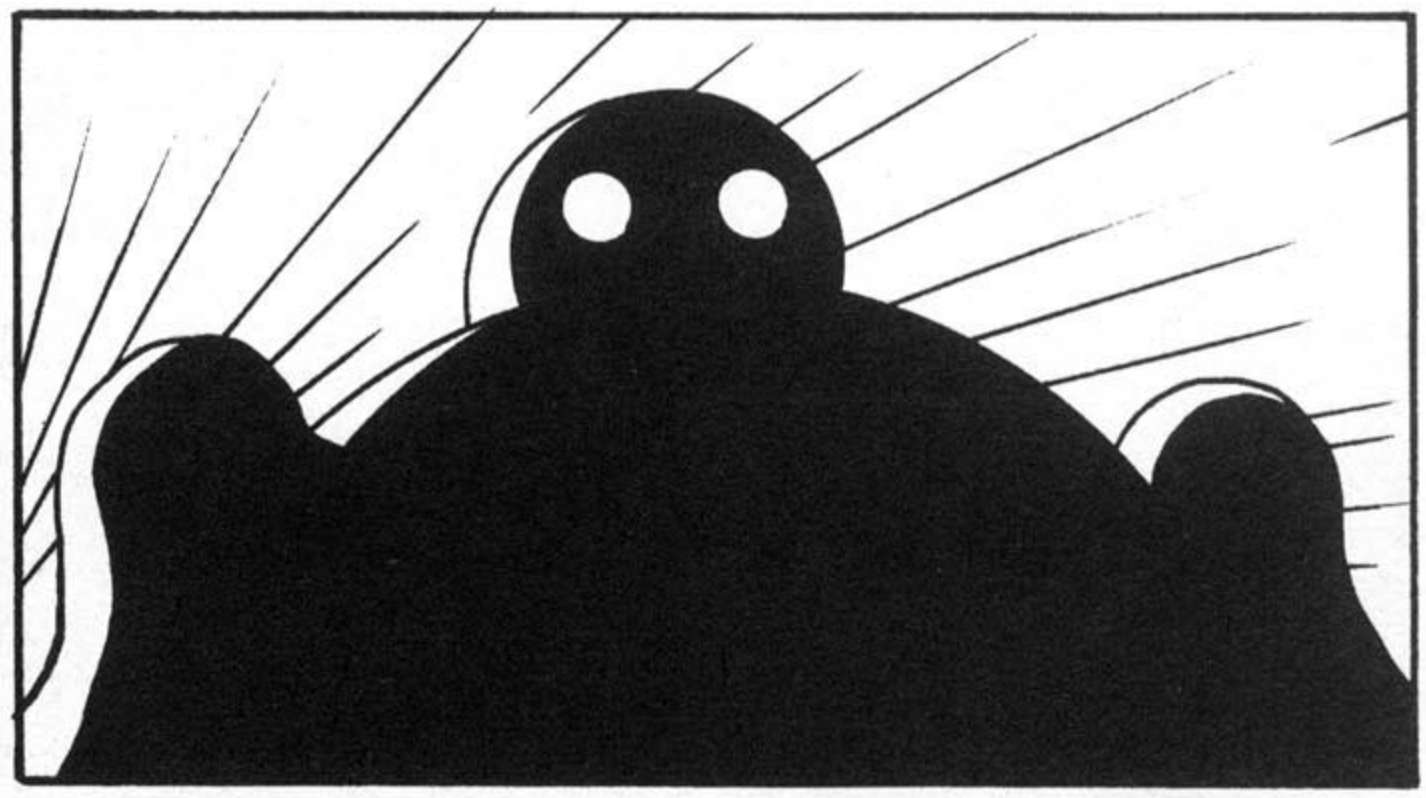
AAGH!

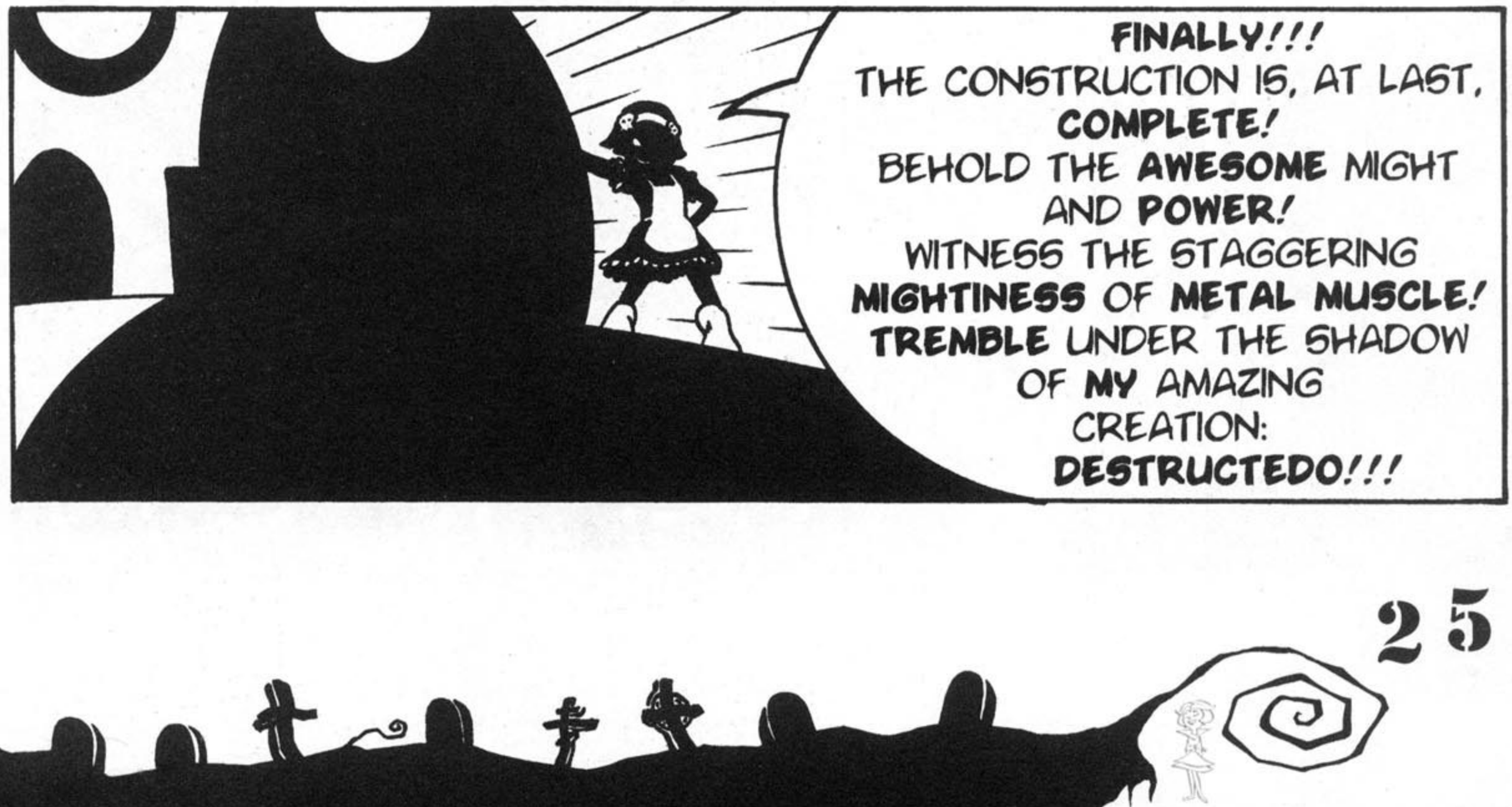
?!

UWAAAAHH!!



?
SLAM!




FINALLY!!!
THE CONSTRUCTION IS, AT LAST, COMPLETE!
BEHOLD THE AWESOME MIGHT AND POWER!
WITNESS THE STAGGERING MIGHTINESS OF METAL MUSCLE!
TREMBLE UNDER THE SHADOW OF MY AMAZING CREATION:
DESTRUCTEDO!!!

LITTLE BELLA? IS THAT YOU? WHAT THE HELLS ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?

THAT'S RIGHT **MARLA!** IT IS **I!** **BELLA!** BUT NOW THAT I HAVE RETURNED, NOW THAT **YOU** HAVE BORN WITNESS TO THE **GREATNESS** OF **MY** CREATION, YOU WILL NO LONGER ADDRESS ME BY THAT **INFANTILE NAME!** YOU SHALL CALL ME: **THE MERCILESS BARONESS BELLATRONIKA!!!**

YOU'VE **GOT TO** BE **BLOODY KIDDING** ME.

OOOOOOOOH! BELLA! YOU LOOK **SO** COMPLETELY **ADORABLE** ATOP YOUR **LITTLE** ROBOT THERE!

I JUST SAID NOT TO CALL ME THAT!!! YOU WILL REFER TO ME BY MY RIGHTFUL AND POWER-FUL TITLE OF--

ISN'T SHE **ADORABLE!** SHE'S SO GROWN UP NOW! **OH**, I NEED TO GO GET THE CAMERA!

BELLA SWEETIE, STAY RIGHT THERE WON'T YOU, I NEED TO GO FETCH THE CAMERA, THIS IS **TOO** CUTE!

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME!!! MARLA, HOW DARE YOU NOT TREMBLE IN FEAR OF MY PROWESS!!!

SO WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THIS **LOONEY?**

LOONEY? LOONEY! WHO ARE YOU, YOU LITTLE TART? WHO ARE YOU TO QUESTION MY GREAT-NESS AND SUPREMACY? SPEAK!

SHE'S MY APPRENTICE BELLA.

THAT'S ENOUGH BELLA--

THE GREAT PUMPKIN JACK? IT IS YOU! I KNEW I SAW YOU HIDING BEHIND YOUR LITTLE SIS-TER'S SKIRT! BUWAHA-HAHAHA!

I ALREADY TOLD YOU! YOU ARE TO REFER TO ME AS THE MERCILESS BARONESS BELLA-TRONIKA !!!

FINE . . . LOOK, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ANYWAY?

EXCELLENT! YOU'RE STILL HERE! JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE TO SET THIS UP AND WE CAN TAKE A **LOVELY** PICTURE TOGE-THER.

WHERE ARE **THADIUS** AND **FRANKLIN?**

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM DEAR, I'M **SURE** THEY'RE STILL ASLEEP.

I CAN THINK OF **ONE** OF THEM HIDING UNDER HIS COVERS WITH THE PILLOW **CLAMPED** TIGHTLY OVER HIS HEAD . . .

SUCH **SWEET, GENTLE** BOYS AREN'T THEY?

WHAT-EVER . . .

MARLA! YOU'RE **NOT** EVEN LISTENING TO A WORD I'M SAYING! I **SHOULD** HAVE **DESTRUCTEDO** CRUSH YOU ALL RIGHT THIS SECOND FOR SUCH **DEFIANCE!**

BELLA WHAT IS--

BELLA-TRONIKA!!!

AGAIN, WHAT IS IT YOU WANT? I **REALLY** WANT TO GET TO BED IF YOU DON'T MIND.

FOR YEARS I'VE LIVED IN THE SHADOW OF MARLA VON WUMPSCUT! TOILING UNDER HER IDIOTIC TUTELAGE, BEING HER SLAVE, AND YOUR'S, IN THE HOPES THAT ONE DAY I WOULD FINALLY SURPASS HER ABILITIES AND KNOWLEDGE OF HYPER-SCIENCE!

THEN I COULD COME BACK! RETURN TRIUMPHANT! RETURN FOR MY REVENGE! AT LONG, LONG LAST, THAT DAY IS HERE! I CHALLENGE YOU WITH MY FINEST CREATION: DE-STRUCTE--

YEAH, YEAH, **DESTRUCTEDO**. WE GOT THAT ALREADY. LOOK **BELLA**-WHATEVER-YOU-WANT-TO-CALL-YOURSELF-THESE-DAYS, **MARLA** DISOWNED YOU AS HER PUPIL! AND **NO ONE** IS CHALLENGING ANYONE TO ANYTHING **THIS** EARLY IN THE BLOODY MORNING!

I LEFT **HER**! I LEFT THIS **PLACE**! NO ONE KICKS ME OUT, OUT, OUT-- **OUT OF ANYWHERE! EVER!**

BRIDRE!

WHOOSH

KAMPHAMM

SNAPSHOT!

PYRAMID SCHEME THWARTED!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!
NO ONE!

THAT'S **ENOUGH!** STOP THIS **CHILDISHNESS** RIGHT THIS **VERY** INSTANT!

THIS IS EXACTLY THE SORT OF THING THAT MADE ME KICK **YOU** OUT! NOW QUIT BEING SUCH A BLEEDING CHILD AND GET OUT OF HERE **RIGHT THIS INSTANT!**

YOU DON'T GIVE ME ORDERS ANYMORE, MARLA! IF YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE THEN YOU HAVE TO GET THROUGH DESTRUC-TEDO FIRST!

To Be Continued..

Meet the Lamentians

Franklin

tiger army
horrorPops
the groovie ghoulies
the adicts
angelfish
brickbats
the misfits
bella morte
oingo boingo
sugar cubes

Jack

the misfits
the adicts
x
project pitchfork
brickbats
cesium 137
kmfdm
the cure
vnv nation
siouxsie & the banshees

Marla

project pitchfork
vnv nation
kmfdm
cesium 137
mindlessself indulgence
dust of basement
the crux-shadows
the cure

Caitlin

son of sam
the misfits
brickbats
wednesday 13
mylene farmer
electric frankenstein
balzac
the adicts
tiger army
bella morte
the clash

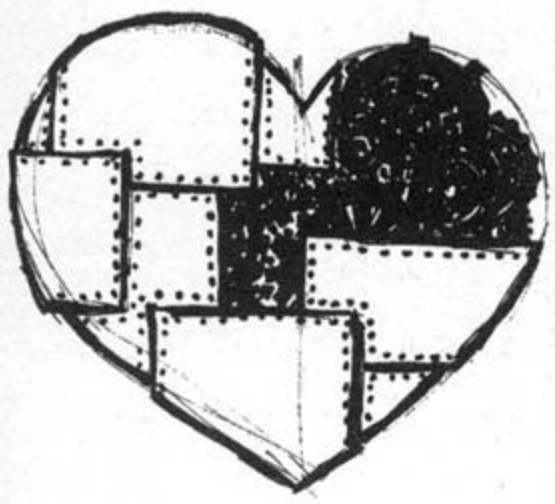
Thadius

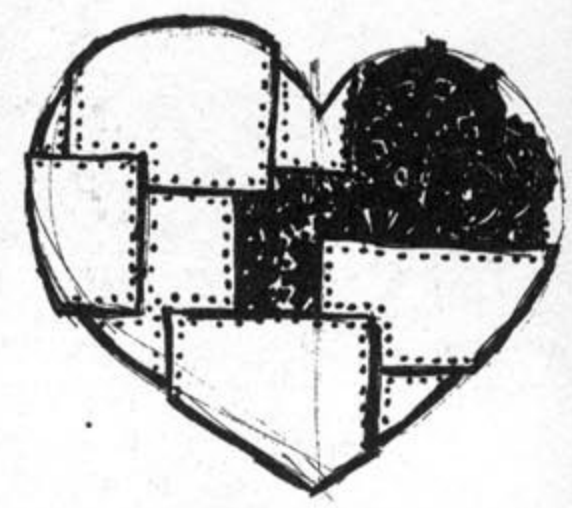
the birthday massacre
kill hannah mind.in.a.box
christian death
death cab for cutie
seabound
sisters of mercy

Gilgrim

bella morte
project pitchfork
the adicts
the misfits
the birthday massacre
electric frankenstein
tiger army
the cure
the pillows

cemeteRians





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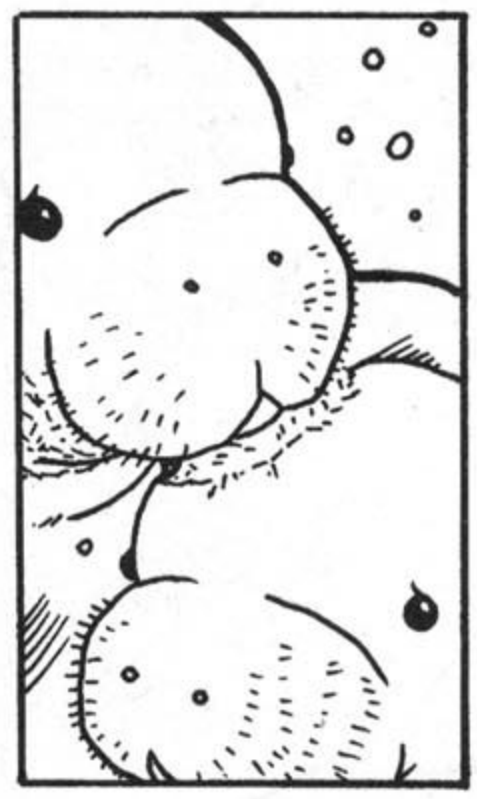

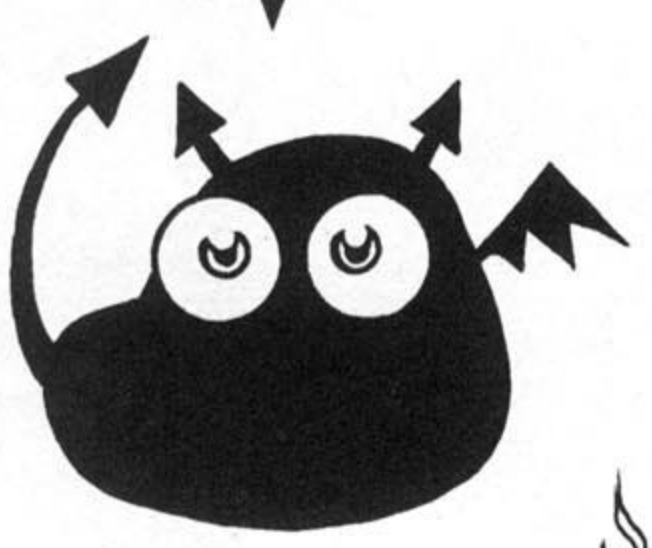

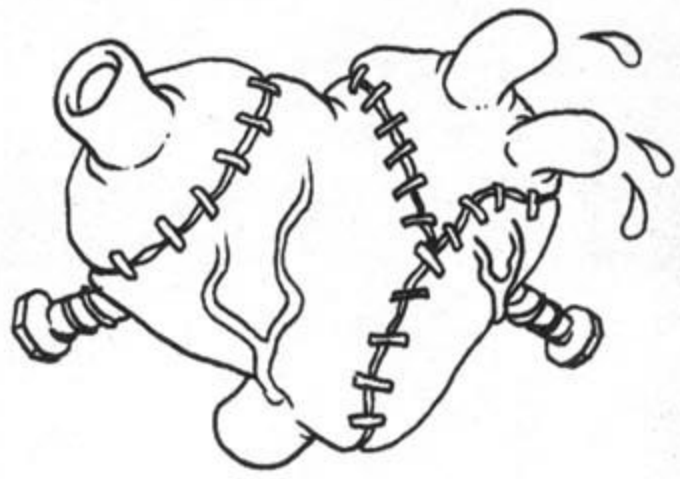

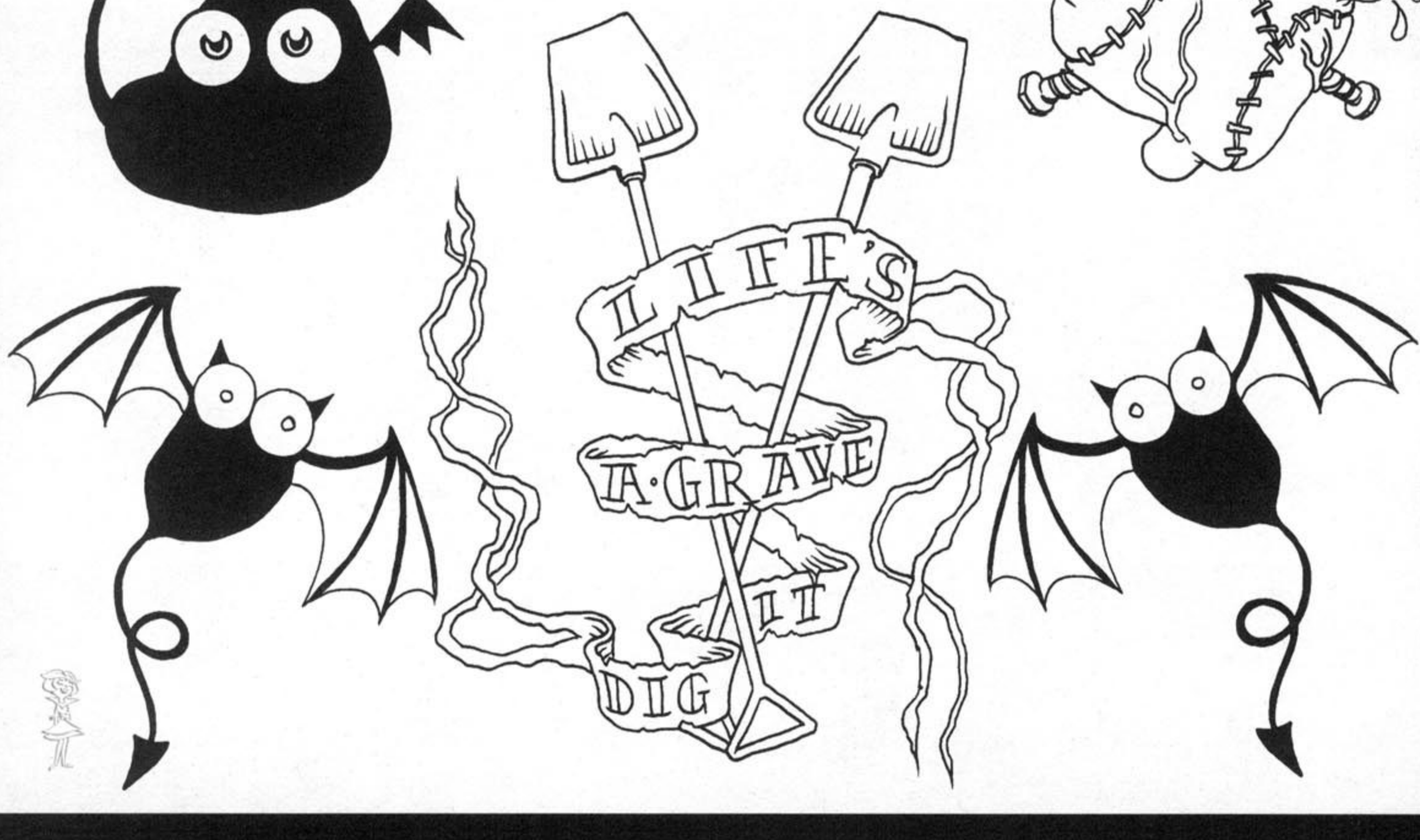

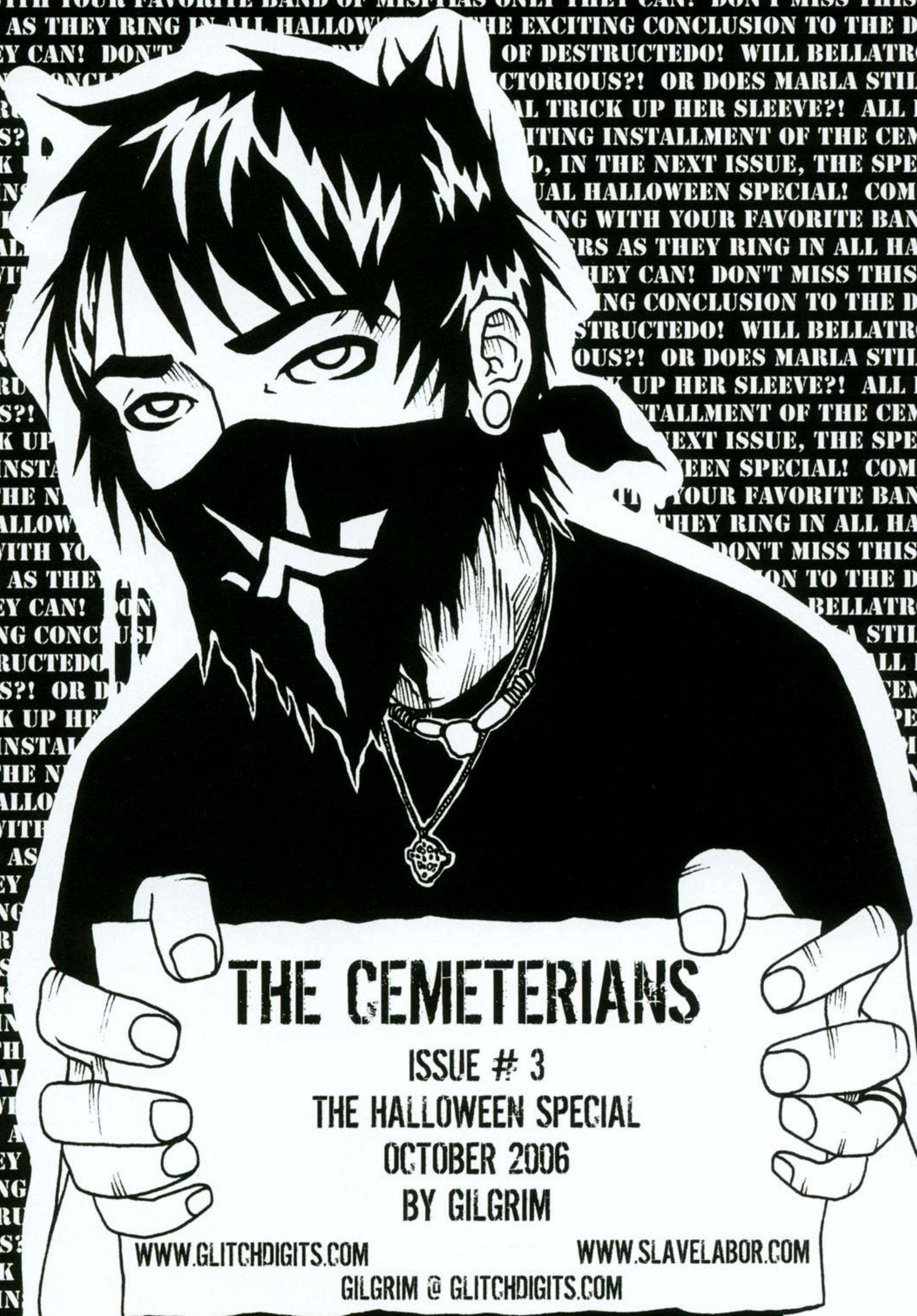

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